

NOTICES.

JUST PUBLISHED, (*Price Half-a-crown*),
COBBETT'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.
Intended for the use of Schools and of
Young Persons in general; but, more
especially for the use of Soldiers, Sailors,
Apprentices, and Plough-boys. Published
by T. Dolby, 34, Wardour Street, Soho; and
sold by all Booksellers.

The three first Numbers of the present
Volume of the Register have been re-printed,
and are now on sale at the Publisher's, 34,
Wardour Street, Soho.—No. 1 and No. 2 are
on the subject of the *Paper-Money Puff-Out*,
and No. 3 is the celebrated Letter to the
Duke of Sussex.

TO
THE COTTON SPINNERS
OF MANCHESTER,

AND TO THE JOURNEYMEN OF ALL
TRADES, IN ENGLAND.

*On their turning out for a rise of
wages, and on the ill-treatment
which they have received from the
Borough-press.*

North Hampstead, Long Island,
30th Sept. 1818.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW
COUNTRYMEN,

I have always exhorted all my la-
bouring countrymen against the com-
mission of acts of violence on the pro-
perty of Bakers, Butchers, Farmers,
and all others, with a view to com-
pel them to sell their goods for less
than they chose to sell them for. You,
my good friends, and all my worthy
countrymen, who belong to what the
Borough-villains have the insolence to
call the "*Lower Orders*", have shown
your good sense and your justice in
abstaining from all such acts, though
you and your families have been half
starved and half naked.

The principle, upon which all pro-
perty exists is this: that a man has a
right to do with it that which he
pleases. That he has a right to sell
it, or to keep it. That he has a right
to refuse to part with it at all; or, if
he choose to sell it, to insist upon
any price that he chooses to demand:
if this be not the case, a man has no
property. If he be, by no matter
what power, *compelled by others* to
give away, or sell, or barter, or sell at
a price below what he wishes to sell
at; in any of these cases, he ceases to
have any property in the thing with
regard to which the compulsion is
exercised towards him.

If I, as a farmer, am, no matter
whether by a mob, or by a military
force, compelled to give up my crop
at a price lower than that which I
choose to ask for it, I am a man deeply
injured. I am, indeed, *robbed*; and
those who rob me, be they who they
may, deserve punishment, and most
severe punishment too. Why do men
labour? Why do Doctors and Law-
yers study? Why do men learn
trades? Why do they, in their youth
submit to painful apprenticeships and
work many years for the benefit of
others? Is it not in order, that they
may obtain, not only a sufficiency to
eat and to drink and wear; but also
something to lay up against old age,
or against a day of illness? Without
a motive like this, who would study?
Who would be bound seven years, or
even one year, to learn a trade, and
submit all the while to the absolute
authority of a master?

The attempts to degrade and com-
pletely enslave the people of England
have been *gradual*; but, they have
not been less efficient for being slow.

When it was found, that men could not keep their families decently upon the wages that the rich masters chose to give them, and that the men would *not work*, and contrived to combine, so as to be able to live, for a while, without work; then it was, for the purposes in view, found necessary to call this combining by the name of *conspiracy*; it was found necessary so to *torture the laws* as to punish men for demanding what they deemed the worth of their labour. But, about this torturing of the law I will speak by-and-by. I will first attend to the case of my friends, the *Cotton-Spinners*, who, as the last English newspapers tell us, were still *holding out*, and conducting themselves in a very orderly and prudent manner.

You, the "*Lower Orders*", as the Borough-press call you, have no means of obtaining a hearing from the nation at large. The Borough-mongers have almost the whole of the press in their hands. They say of you just what they please. They paint you in any shape and colour that they like. They are the painters; they hold the brush and the paint; and they, accordingly, exhibit you and your cause in such a light as to make many even amongst good men, think that you are unreasonable and seditious people. The Lion, the fable tells us, when he saw a picture representing a Lion lying on his back and a man astride over him, said: "*Aye! Men are the painters!*" You are in the situation of our firm friend, HUNT, who is calumniated from one end of the country to the other, and has no

possible means of refuting the calumnies. The Borough-press not only complains of the Cotton-Spinners of Manchester for asking higher wages than their employers choose to give them; but, it accuses them of *extortion*, of a wish to commit robbery, and of a great deal besides. The COURIER and the TIMES, the leaders of the Borough-press, call for instant punishment on the Spinners. They call for dragoons, and dragoons will come; but, at any rate, dragoons can neither prevent us from thinking nor *make us forget*.

Before I proceed to examine into the *right* which the Spinners have to combine and to act as they have done, I will insert the charges preferred against them by the Borough-press. You should all read these articles with great attention. They contain *the charges of the Borough-mongers against you*. They come, as you will see, from the COURIER and the TIMES. One Stewart is the owner, or pretended owner, of the former, and one WALTER of the latter. It was this Walter, who called out so loudly for the killing of Mr. Hunt during the Spa-fields meetings. It was he who clamoured so for the putting of poor *Cashman* to death. It was he who positively asserted, that Mr. Hunt and I were plotting with Lord Cochrane in the King's Bench prison, on a day that we never saw his Lordship, and were many miles from him. This, whom I am presently about to quote from, is *that same Walter*. John Walter, I think is his name. A man never to be forgotten!

Then *Stewart*, is the same man, who published, as a speech just then spoken by Mr. Hunt, and as a paper just then proposed by him, a speech, of which he never uttered one word, and a paper of which he never read one word. This is the same Stewart, who, on the 15th of June last, published the following paragraph: "COBBETT has lately been *fined* 700 Dollars for *writing against the American Government.*" While the fact is, that no such thing, and no prosecution of any kind against me, has ever taken place in America, either lately or at any former period. This is the same Stewart, who has lately recovered damages for the *defaming of his character* by Mr. Lovel. This Stewart ought never to be forgotten! I will now insert all the articles; and will then proceed with my remarks.

Times, 3 August, 1818.

"It appears by communications through various channels, that the Cotton-spinners of Manchester still remain in stubborn idleness, as discreditable to themselves, as it must prove ultimately injurious to their families and to their country. Although the members of this blind and unworthy combination have as yet abstained from any outrage against the public peace, we agree with an evening paper of yesterday, that 'it is in the nature of such associations to be accompanied sooner or later by violence and commotion, unless they are speedily dissolved.' Our first anxiety, therefore, is for the speedy dissolution of this unreflecting body. Our next hope is, that if the workmen should persist in their present state of mischievous combination, and if their obstinacy should ripen into menaces against the peace of the community, they may be checked, and put down at once by a prompt and manly and honest application of the existing law of England. The law is abundantly strong for the

purpose. The ministers, or those who ought to be ministers, of the law, may not indeed be inclined to show themselves at present, as they have not shown themselves on former occasions, very forward to exercise in due time the power with which the old Constitution of England has intrusted them. We, therefore, think it right to admonish them temperately of this their solemn duty. We do not like to see local mobs or combinations of labourers tolerated by those whose business it is to guard against their natural tendency and progress."

This is one of the modes, which these men pursue of paving the way for acts of tyranny. This is precisely what this same man did, just before the Dungeon-Bill was passed. He boldly took leave to censure the Ministers! But, it was for their tardiness in doing those infamous acts, which, when the way had been paved, they took care to do!

Courier, 4 August, 1818.

"It is with regret we have still to state, that the advices from Manchester, received in town this morning, convey no intelligence upon which we can anticipate the approaching tranquillity of that place. The spinners still continue their refractory proceedings, and are daily augmenting their number, both by artifice and intimidation. Those who would willingly keep to their work are prevented from doing so, either by direct menaces or insidious persuasions; while the masters are actually deterred from employing them in consequence of the vexatious annoyances to which they are constantly subjected. How much longer this state of things can continue, without leading to serious tumults, we know not: but that the most alarming consequences may be expected to ensue, if some check be not speedily opposed, cannot be doubted. It might be imagined that they could not find sufficient funds to maintain themselves and families during this illegal struggle with their masters: but, if we are not misinformed, they have received considerable sums of money from the funds of other trades. And this fact discloses an important feature of that

"system of combinations among workmen which has increased of late years to such a fearful extent. The whole mass of artificers throughout the country, thus form a sort of *federative body*, united for the purposes of mutual support, whenever any of them choose to strike for increased wages. The masters, consequently, have not to contend merely with their own workmen, but with the treasuries of probably more extensive and more opulent classes. It is easy to foresee that such practices steadily persevered in would soon bring one common ruin upon the employers and the employed."

Manchester, Aug. 1.

"SIR,—The disorganized state of this important commercial town at this time, has given it an interest in the eyes of the whole country; and I shall truly rejoice, if I should be the means of preventing or correcting misrepresentation.—

"Our spinners, to the number of perhaps 14,000, still continue to bid defiance to their employers, and are subsisting upon their own limited means, and upon the contribution of other trades, or their fellow labourers in the country. The work of *disorganization* has been progressive. It began on the part of the spinners, who demanded advanced wages, and 'turned out' on their demands being met by a prompt refusal; this measure was, however, partial; two or three large mills set the example, and the master-spinners owning those mills, found themselves deserted, while the other establishments of the town were in active and profitable employment. This could not continue; combination on the part of the labourers, provoked its counterpart on the other side; and all master-spinners, with very few exceptions, resolved to work only three days in the week, until the refractory should be subdued, and should resume their employment at the usual price. This was interpreted into an open declaration of war, and all the spinners 'turned out' about three weeks ago, and have remained since that time in idleness, holding their appointed meetings, and forming their processions, amounting in some instances to 10,000 persons. The spirit of opposition is their ruling principle, and pervades the whole class; the few, the very few, who might be inclined to resume their labours, are

"deterred by the threats, and in some instances, by the violence of their neighbours, and the masters have found the struggle attending the protection of that few, which is necessary to enabling them to enter the mills, so troublesome, and the number of hands to be obtained by such means so small, that they have now almost abandoned the attempt; trusting that time, and the good sense of the spinners, which has often been found to exert itself with the best success in the season of hunger and distress, will work the cure of this very infectious disease.

"You will perhaps, be surprised to hear, what we have good reason to believe, that so extensive are the ramifications of this union, a remittance was received a short time ago, from the journeymen tailors of LONDON, for the aid and support of 'these oppressed and suffering countrymen.' With all this idleness, it appears almost a paradox to assert that we really have very little disorder. A disturbance arose near the theatre a few evenings ago, in which our town's officers were insulted, and indeed struck by stones: it arose out of the circumstance of a warehouse having taken fire, which served as an occasion for a mob's collecting, and giving some vent to their resentful feelings; it was very soon over, and perfect tranquillity succeeded in an hour. Except in this instance, we have not had a single circumstance during the last fortnight which could create alarm; special constables are taking the oath, that they may be in readiness to answer any call that may be made upon their services. I am, Sir, with great respect, your humble
Servant, H Y."

These are the charges against you; and we will now examine into them. The impudent men, whose words I have quoted, regard you, you see, as little better than slaves, and as very stupid slaves too. Stewart calls you *refractory*, and Walter says that you ought to be speedily put down. *Refractory!* Why, this is the word which we apply to the conduct of soldiers and bondsmen. We never apply this degrading epithet to the

conduct of persons, whom we consider as free; no, nor as being in any degree free. *Refractory* means *perverse*, *wilful*, and perverseness, too, towards a superior. Refractoriness means *perverse opposition to the will of a superior to whom the party owes obedience*. And, how came these insolent writers by the notion, that you have superiors, to whom you owe obedience? How came they to look upon you as slaves, or bondsmen? What insolence is this! How new it is! If, indeed, you were so many apprentices, for whom the employers were compelled to find food and lodging, and to support in sickness and in health: then, any refusal to work, or any opposition to the will of the employers might justly be called *refractoriness*; but your employers employ you and pay you only at such times as they want you; only for *their own purposes*; only for *their own profit*; and, if you be ill, or from any cause, unable to work; or, if it suit their convenience to leave off working their looms; in any of these cases, you are turned away to starve, or, at best, to depend upon the pleasure of the overseer. And yet, when they do want your labour, they will have it at *their own price*! If this be not a state of slavery for you, and a state of absolute despotism for them, what is it that can constitute such a state for the parties respectively?

What is your *crime*, in the case of a turn out? What is it that these men, Walter and Stewart, would have you shot at for? What have you done? What offence have you committed?

Why, your crime is, refusing to work for less money than you think the worth of your labour. Your labour is your property; labour is the foundation, and the sole foundation of all property. What right has Sir Francis Burdett, for instance, to the estates of which he is the proprietor? What is the foundation of his right? The estates were left to him by his ancestors. How came they by the estates? They bought them, perhaps; but how came any one to have a right to sell them? For, the whole earth is given by God to man; that is to say, to all men. It is, naturally, as much one man's as another man's. But, at the time when the earth was lying without any cultivation, or any owner, some one bestowed labour upon those spots now the estates of Sir Francis Burdett. Upon the circumstance of having bestowed labour on them he founded his claim to the proprietorship of them. This claim has, by laws made by the community, become a *right*. And thus labour is the *foundation of all property*; and, it would, then, be strange, indeed, if labour itself were not property!

Yet, you are to be punished; you are to be *put down*, that is, *shot down*, for that is what the cruel Walter means. This was just the way he went on to instigate to the execution of poor *Cashman*! You are to be put down, because you will not sell your labour at the price that the employers choose to give for it! In fact Walter and Stewart manifestly consider you as slaves; and, I should not be at all surprized, if they were to recommend

the passing of what they call laws, to make it nothing more than *manslaughter* to kill any of you by the hands of those selfish and base beings, who oppress you. In slave countries this is the case. To kill a slave is not *murder*. The offence is commuted by a *fine*; a trifling fine; and this, if the present system go on, is what will, in all probability, take place in England. "If it go on!" You will exclaim! "It cannot go on! It *shall* not go on!" "We will not be slaves! We will convince Walter and Stewart that no law shall protect those who shall kill us!" I hope not, my friends: I hope that, even if the Borough Bank paper should continue to circulate for some years, you will not allow yourselves to be killed without an endeavour, at least, to prevent it.

Labour is your property. You have labour to *sell*. You demand a certain price for it. Those who are in the practice of buying your labour, think this price too high. They refuse to purchase at your price. You keep your labour unsold. Well! what is there in all this contrary to the principles either of natural equity, or of law? Farmers, butchers, millers, bakers; all those who deal in the necessaries of life. All these act precisely as you have acted. They sell their commodities at as high a price as they can. If they cannot get their price, they keep their commodities. Aye, and they do this, too, however many of the people may die for want. And, if any of you attempt to *force* them to sell their property for less

than they ask for it, you are transported, or hanged by the neck 'till you are dead! You remember the bloody work of 1812, when, amongst others, a woman was hanged for seizing, or assisting to seize, a man's potatoes in the market at Manchester, and *compelling him to sell them at a lower price than that which he asked for them*. This poor woman was, for this offence, hanged by the neck till she was dead! It was a horrid thing. She had, probably, a family of starving children at home. A sort of change of Ministry had just taken place. Lord Moira (now Marquis of Hastings) had come into place. He was famed (whether justly or not) for his *humanity*. SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS applied most earnestly to him to obtain a reprieve for this poor woman. He told me, that he thought he had succeeded; but, alas! in a few days afterwards, the poor woman was hanged! And, it was said, that the *example, was necessary*, seeing how *dangerous* a thing it was to suffer it to be believed, that the labouring people might, with impunity, compel the dealers in provisions to sell them for less than the owners chose to ask for them! So that it was a crime worthy of *death* to attempt to force potatoes from a *farmer* at a price lower than that which he asked; and it is a crime *in you* to attempt to prevent others from compelling you to part with your labour at a price lower than *you* ask! This is equal justice, is it? You are, according to Walter and Stewart, to be "*put down*"; to be *shot down*, if you

refuse to part with your time and your sweat at the price of the purchaser; and, if you act upon the very same principle towards the farmers, you are to be *hanged*! Your choice, then, lies amongst three things: the *bullet*, the *halter*, and *slow starvation*; one of which, unless we have a Reform, seems to be your unavoidable fate.

These hardened men call your conduct *illegal*. I have shown, that it is not only *just*, but agreeable to every principle of the law relating to property. But, there is an *Act of Parliament*. Oh, yes! I know there is! And there is also an act of parliament to protect from punishment Lord Sidmouth, Castlereagh, Oliver, Castles, and all those who had a hand in the deeds of 1817. There is also an act of parliament called the *Gagging Bill*. There is an act of parliament for protecting the Borough Bank against the legal demands of its creditors, and which act of parliament is in direct violation of all the settled laws of debtor and creditor. There are acts of parliament for screening the Clergy from the effects of the law, which compels them to do their parochial duty. There are hundreds of other *acts of parliament* equally equitable: equally consonant with the law of the land; equally consistent with those principles of justice and of freedom, which are secured to us by those laws, which are said to be, and which are, "our birthright."

The act of parliament, to which *Walter and Stewart* allude, was passed

in 1799, and extended in 1800. It is called "*an act to prevent UNLAWFUL combinations of workmen*".—

This act sets out by declaring, that all contracts, or agreements, whether in writing or not in writing, between journeymen, for the purpose of raising or keeping up the price of their labour, "*shall be UNLAWFUL*". And then the act proceeds to provide *punishments* for the commission of such "*UNLAWFUL*" offences! In other words, it first *invents the crime*, and then *allots the punishment*! This is the *law*, to which *Walter* alludes; and under *this law*, he sent many journeymen printers to prison in 1810. The punishment is *imprisonment*. And that, too, without any *trial by jury*, but at the sole will of *two justices of the peace*, who, you will bear in mind, are appointed, or displaced, at the pleasure of the Crown, as it is called, that is, at the pleasure of the Ministry; that is, at the pleasure of the Borough-gentlemen. The parties to any such contract or agreement, may BE COMPELLED TO GIVE EVIDENCE AGAINST THEMSELVES AND ASSOCIATES, under pain of imprisonment! This is in defiance of all the laws heretofore known in England. In short, this act needs no commentary: it is only one regular step in that progress towards absolute despotism, which progress began with Pitt and Dundas about the year 1762.

As a cover for its odiousness, this act provides, that the "*Masters*", as it calls your employers, shall be punished, if they combine. This is very

fair, is it not? What a *fair law*! What *equal-handed justice*! But, observe; mark well! Your Masters, if they combine, are *not to go to prison*! Oh, no! They are to be *finned 20 pounds*! They, as in the case of slave-killing, are to *pay* for their crimes with money; but, you are to be punished in *your carcasses*. You are to be dragged to a *jail*, or a *house of correction*! If you combine to get a little more food from them, you are to be *imprisoned*; but, if they combine to starve you, they are to pay this trifling fine!

And (mark it on your hearts!) the "Masters" CANNOT, like you, BE COMPELLED TO GIVE EVIDENCE AGAINST THEMSELVES AND THEIR ASSOCIATES! This is the *law*, my friends, to which the cruel Walter alludes. This is the law, which, as every one must see, has no terrors for the Masters; and, accordingly, *no Master*, that I ever heard of, has ever suffered under this law, while hundreds upon hundreds of journeymen have suffered under it. I need say no more about the object of this *law*, as it is called; but, do you think, that such an Act would have been passed, if the Journeymen of England had had a vote at elections? This, therefore, clearly shews, how your miseries and degradation arise from the want of a Reform. Your "Masters," as they have the insolence to call themselves, know this too; and, therefore, they do all that lies in their power to uphold the present system. This is one of the reasons, why they are opposed to Reform. Without *Justices*

of the Peace with powers of Judge and Jury, and without *shooters in red-coats* to come at the call of those *Justices*, they know well that you would have from them *the worth of your labour*; they know well that they could not get rich, while you and your families are starving. And *this is the reason why your "Masters" call you Jacobins, Rebels, and Cut-throats*, when your only object is, as they well know, to obtain a Reform of the Parliament. It is a wonder to all, who do not look into the matter, that you should be starving, while your "Masters" are rolling in their carriages; and while some of them are becoming Baronefs and Boroughmongers. But, when we see, that there is a plenty of Justices and a Standing Army to prevent you from uniting to obtain full payment for your labour, the wonder ceases. The "Masters" grow rich at your expence, and, in return, they support the Boroughmongers. Nothing can be more plain from the beginning to the end.

But, it may be asked, why the Boroughmongers like your "Masters" better than they like you. They do not; they, if any odds, like them the least of the two. They hate them even for the riches, which they throw into their hands. They hate them for aspiring to any thing like an equality with themselves. They detest them for the purse-proud airs that they put on. But your "Masters" are convenient to the Boroughmongers. They afford them the easy means of *taxing* and of *borrowing*. What you would receive, you would consume; your "Masters"

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collect their gains into masses, upon which the Boroughmongers are able to draw. Besides, it is essential to all despotisms to favour the rich at the expence of the poor; the few at the expence of the many; because, this produces a sort of elementary despotism that fits men for the thing in its higher and more important branches.

In the present instance, it is very clear, even from the confession of STEWART'S Manchester correspondent, the "Masters," as he calls them, were the *first combiners*. Some part, it appears, of the Spinners, struck; and then the *whole* of the "Masters" agreed to reduce the quantity of their work. This was clearly a *combination*; and, as the Letter says, the whole of the Spinners then struck, looking upon the act of the "Masters" as an *open declaration of war*. Well they might so regard it; for such it was.

And yet, because the whole of the Spinners then struck, Walter would have them *put down*! There is but one step more to take; and that is, to declare the workmen to be, to all intents and purposes, *slaves*; and to authorise the "Masters," or owners, to kill them with impunity. What is a man but a slave, if the Master can *make him work*, and yet *refuse to pay him*? He does not refuse to give him *something*; no; and the slave-owner does not refuse to give his slaves *something*. Nay, it is his *interest* to give his slaves a plenty to eat and drink, and to find them comfortable lodging; but, the manufacturing "Masters" have no such interest. They, therefore, keep their slaves as poor and as

miserable as possible. To be sure, the "Masters" cannot confine their slaves to any particular workshop; but, they are *confined to the Island*. There are *Acts of Parliament*, passed since the Whig Revolution, to keep the workmen, *by force*, in the Island. They are prisoners at large, to be sure; but they are *prisoners*: they cannot go whither they like. They are compelled to remain in the Island; their Masters compel them to work; and they are compelled to receive what their masters are pleased to give them. This is the state of the manufacturing *many*; and yet, they are told, that they are *free men*, free-born Englishmen, who have a *birthright* in those laws, which declare *resistance of oppression to be a right*!

The circumstance of the Spinners having *received aid and assistance from other trades* seems to have greatly offended the Manchester Slave-holder, who writes to Stewart. What! was it *illegal*, too, for any man to endeavour to afford these oppressed persons *relief*? Was it *criminal* in the-giver, or in the receiver? Really, one would suppose the Spinners to be invading enemies, to give aid or comfort to whom is always high treason. Better *out-law* them, at once; or, better make them *live-stock*, that may be beaten, starved, or butchered, just as their "Masters" shall please. The oppressors wish still to wear the mask; still to keep in use the names and forms of liberty and law. But they cannot do it any longer. Every one now sees the thing to the bottom.

In all probability, the event will be,

your being starved and bayonnetted into compliance ; partly one and partly the other ; and that the tyrannical hypocrites will weep at the hard necessity that they shall have been under to shoot you down in order to enable your "Masters" to become rich at your expence. But, my friends, thus it must be as long as the *paper of the Borough Bank* shall pass current. That is the *only* prop of the power of our tyrants. There is nothing else that does, or that can, enable them to work and starve you to death. Always keep this fact in mind. Let no one persuade you, that you have any, even the smallest, foundation of hope for relief from any thing but the destruction of this abominable system of paper-money fraud.

Be ready, my good and enslaved countrymen, for the day when that bubble shall burst : be ready with all your energy and all your good sense ; and, then, we shall see king and people delivered from the hands of the hypocritical and cruel Usurpers.

In the meanwhile,
I am your faithful friend,
WM. COBBETT.

TO
WILLIAM HALLETT, ESQ.

North Hampstead, 30th Sept. 1812.

MY DEAR SIR,

You have fought the Boroughmongers a good fight in Berkshire. You have obtained *your object* ; that is, to do the people good. I should like to know how the *Westminster Baronet* behaved towards you at the Elec-

tion. I dare say, that he did nothing himself ; but, sent his *Berkshire Rump* to oppose you.] It would not suit *his* views to see a man like you in parliament. He likes better such men as *Colonel Maine*, *Sir Robert Wilson*, *Mr. Kinnaird*, and *Mr. Brougham*. *Sir Robert Wilson* has palmed himself upon the Southwark people for a *Reformer*. They will soon see what sort of a *Reformer* he is ! In the first place, he is wholly ignorant of the matter ; in the next place, if he were to attempt to figure as a speechifier, he would "like the rush, be cut down in his greenness ;" in the next place he has profit and title in view ; and, in the last place, he will get them if he possibly can. He was, by nature, formed for a jobber. A busy, bustling, gossiping, intriguing, conceited man, with a wonderful lack of sense of all sorts, but particularly of the sense of shame. It is not once or twice or thrice driving off that will deter him : he will seek his prey amidst volleys either of curses or of scoffs. If the *Borough Bank* should be able to keep its paper afloat for a few years, you will see him a *Baronet* and a *Governor*. He will join the Whigs, at first, in the hope of seeing them in place ; but, having a very fine nose, he will soon smell out, whether they will be likely to get in, or not ; and, if the latter, he will leave them. I have a secret for *Sir Robert*, worth a full half year of the first pension, or sinecure, that he will get. It is this : To avoid saying a word in his *maiden speech*, about either *Bo-*

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naparté or *Lavalette*. I was an eye witness of the fate of *Sir Sidney Smith*, a man, in some respects, a good deal like *Sir Robert*. "Our good Old King," who had a good deal of *method* in his "*exascerbations*," as the physicians called it, once portrayed the Knight of the Half-moon by a very lively allusion to those party-coloured gentlemen, who, out of pure public-spirit, supply our villages with medicine and fun. It was upon the occasion of the grand public installation of the Knights of the Bath, at Windsor, when *Sir Sidney* had seated himself, decorated in all his gear, in one of the vacant stalls. "What, what, what!" said our good Old King, "take away, take away, take away, that — — —!" However; to my secret. *Sir Sidney*, unfortunately for his renown, was once a member of parliament, as *Sir Robert Wilson* now is; and, like him too, had great conceit, and was, even to madness, fond of talking. He was sorely afflicted with what the French call *le besoin de faire parler de soi*, than which no malady more dangerous ever existed. He made a speech the first day of the session. He talked about Bonaparte and himself some three quarters of the longest hour I ever lived in my life time. He sat down amidst an unanimous *sigh* of pity. He never opened his lips again. His name instantly died away. The people thought they had in him a gallant sailor: they found they had only a lucky coxcomb. *Sir Robert Wilson* has no stock of reputation like that of

Sir Sidney: let him, therefore, beware; or, he will not be worth even a promise of a pension or place.

But, why do I say this of such men, before I know what they will do? I do not; for *I do know, what they will do*; and precisely what they will do. If I wait, till they do it, before I speak, what good will my foreknowledge do to the people? I knew, last year at this season, that the Baronet and the Rump would endeavour to foist in some flash-companion of the Baronet; but, of what use would have been my *knowing* of this, if I had not *said it*? If I had not said it, *KINNAIRD* would now have been elected to assist in deceiving and betraying the people. By my *saying it*, this shocking disgrace has been prevented. In the case of *Mr. Waithman* too, it would be bad *policy* as well as bad *morality* for me, by my silence, to leave my readers to suppose, that he is likely to act as becomes a friend of Reform. *I know* that he has not the talent necessary to do that cause any real good, even if he had the inclination, which, *I know*, he has not. Those are the most ridiculous of dupes, who deceive themselves; and who deceive themselves, too, over and over again. I am afraid some of us have done this; but, at any rate, it is now time to become more wise. *I know* that neither of these men will be for a Reform; and knowing it, it is my duty to say it.

The emigration of rich Englishmen to this country is now become quite astonishing. New York is full of

them. They are exploring all parts of the country. They come with all their property to enrich and strengthen America. Who can blame them? Who would remain to see their children paupers and slaves; and slaves, too, to such a set of despicable wretches as our Usurpers are? Here a man's land and house and money are *his own*. He has no spying villain to watch his opening of windows or his putting of springs to his cart. Here he is in no danger of being *shot at*, or of being hanged upon the evidence of a spy. Is a man a sportsman, here he has all sorts of field sports in abundance and without any restraint other than that of the *Common Law*. A man, not above three months ago, brought *a hundred brace of grouse*, all at once, to New York. I saw, last January, a waggon going down, in this Island, wholly loaded with wild ducks, teal, and other wild birds. This shooting is constantly going on from the 4th of July to about the next month of May. Fishing in all manner of ways. Fresh water and salt water. Shell and scale. Fine melons, the size of nine pin bowis, for about an English two pence, in New York Market. Pine Apples for eighteen pence or a shilling of our money each. And I am now buying Apples to feed my pigs, at *four pence half penny a heaped bushel*, finer than ever grew in England. While there is such a country open to every body, who will stay to be subject to Boroughmongers, Tax-gatherers and Spies? There is a

man, recently arrived at New York with a hundred thousand pounds fortune; and, a man, too, who never meddled with politics! A man, who, in fact, lived by the corrupt paper-money system. But, he had smelled out, I suppose, that his money was *safer* here than there. He saw the storm approaching, and feared, perhaps, that people would ask how he came by his money.

In a little work, which has, I suppose, been published in England, entitled "*Part the First of a Year's Residence in the United States of America*," I have given some account of this country. But, in a *Second Part*, which will go hence within about a month, I shall more fully enter into all those matters which are interesting to men of property, and, indeed, to persons of all descriptions, who wish to flee from the grasp of the Usurpers. I shall, in this Second Part, include a *Journal*, made by Mr. HULME, in a tour, which he has just made in the Western Countries; which journal, and the remarks of the intelligent and attentive journalist, will enable any one to decide the very interesting question, *which is best to settle in, the Atlantic, or the Western, lands*. Mr. HULME went to the new settlement of MR. BIRKBECK, and has brought back information the most accurate and most valuable. Mr Hulme is a countryman of our's too; a man of great fortune and still greater activity and public spirit. He was with us in London, in the winter of 1817. He said, if Reform, I remain; if no Re-

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form, I go; for I will never suffer my nine children to be the slaves of these Usurpers. It was the conduct of *Bolton Fletcher* that decided this valuable, this excellent Englishman, to leave England; and, I assure you, that he did not come to America for nothing. The Boroughmongers will feel the effects of having given power to such a man as *that Fletcher*. All Lancashire knows him; but nobody better than Mr *HULME*, who never, in any one day of his life, or upon any one occasion, forgets the cruel treatment of his countrymen, or neglects any thing tending, though in the most distant degree, to avenge their wrongs.

Only think of England being in such a state as to drive away such men as Mr. *HULME* and Mr. *BIRKBECK*! Neither had any thing to do with politics. The one a great manufacturer; the other a great farmer. There are not many such men left behind, whether for enterprize or for talent. But thousands of rich men have come, and thousands more are coming. They will not stay to be beggars and slaves. The land of no man in England is his own. It is pledged by the Boroughmongers to pay the interest of *their* Debt. The labour of every man is pledged for the same purpose. No man works for himself. He works wholly for the Boroughmongers, who allow him, out of his earnings, scarcely enough to live on. Will any man remain, if he can remove?

I see there is some notion of putting a stop to this emigration of the rich. Poor fools! What will they think of next! If they pass a law against the emigration of *farmers*, farmers will turn *merchants*. Oh, no! There are no means, other than such as would cut off all commercial intercourse between the two countries; and that would cut the throats of the tyrants at once.

The tyrants cannot go to war any more! There are no more harvests for their sons and relations in the fighting way. They must fight, if at

all, against some part of the Holy Alliance. Their Debt hangs upon them now like a Jack Ketch at the heels of a malefactor, who is too light to hang of himself. It amuses me to see how they twist and writhe. They would hang or shoot one half of the people, if that would insure their own safety. But, they find, that they do not get on with all their hanging and all their shooting. Dungeons and Gags do not help *them*, though they punish *others*. Well! It is impossible for their fate to be worse than I wish it to be, and than I will do my best to make it.

Do you think, that they will try a change of their Agents, whom they call "the King's Ministers"? I think not. Fools as the Usurpers are, they are hardly fools enough for that. No change of that sort will satisfy us now. What! can it be supposed, that *the people* will be pleased with the putting of the Greedy Grenvilles into place; they who hastened to volunteer for the Dungeon and Gaggling Bills? I wish, however, that the Usurpers may try this device; for the Grenvilles are pledged to make the Boroughmongers' Bank pay in *specie*. Oh! how we shall hear the guineas chink! God send the fools may attempt it a second time! I shall rejoice to see the thing in the hands of *Grenville* and *Tierney* and *Mackintosh*. They will make a pretty fist of it!

I am,

My Dear Sir,

Your most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

WM. COBBETT.

TO THE PUBLISHER.

SIR,

Certain imputations having been cast on my reputation, in a Letter written in America by Mr. Cobbett, and published in England on the 28th of November, in his Register; which imputations having their foundations in error, a disproof of them will be perfectly easy on my part; I shall confide in your impartiality for al-

lowing that disproof to go to the Public through the same channel as that by which the attack on me has been made.

As I have not been accustomed to shrink from any species of personal attack, which it was necessary to repel, so I never had less need of reluctance than at present, when a very plain Tale will answer.

In order that all possible clearness may be given to the charge against me, I shall divide the matter in the Letter of Mr. Cobbett into a series of Propositions; and, as nearly as possible, in that Gentleman's own words: which shall be followed by my answers in the same arrangement, avoiding as much as may be any extraneous matter; notwithstanding the inducements that document presents.

1st. "I accuse Mr. Cleary of having forged this Letter:"

2d. "Or, which is the same in point of baseness, of having obtained it from a man who had forged it, and which man he well knew to have been guilty of forging my writing and name, for fraudulent purposes, many times."

3d. "So much for the fact: but observe the folly and inconsistency of this proceeding: Here was I brought forward in a Letter more than ten years old as an authority against the character of Mr. Hunt, whom I had now recommended to the people of Westminster."

4th. "Then observe Mr. Cleary was the agent of Sir F. Burdett."

5th. "This agent had read all my attacks on Sir Francis Burdett; and yet, he, after that, had called me 'our friend Cobbett, the stay and prop of our Cause.'"

6th. "Then again this agent, Mr. Cleary, had become the advocate of the man whom I had exerted my long arm to put down."

7th. "This Mr. Cleary was, I believe, an Attorney: but of late years he has been the paid Secretary to two Clubs, called the 'Hampden' and the 'Union.'"

8th. "He was deputed by Sir Francis Burdett, to establish other 'Hampden Clubs in several parts of England.'"

9th. "When the Boroughmongers were about to pass the Dungeon Bill, they made a report in each House, in which report they traced all the pretended conspiracies to these Clubs. Mr. Cleary began to be alarmed for his personal safety."

10th. "Seeing from the Books that he produced me, that he was perfectly innocent of any crime, and indeed that his efforts had been praiseworthy, I told him, &c."—"I drew him up a Petition to each House of Parliament, which he signed.—He now expressed great gratitude to me."

11th. "Mr. Cleary now endeavours to uphold Sir Francis Burdett by blackening the character of my Friend, and that too through the means of a forgery of my handwriting: and this he does from no other possible motive, that I can divine, than that of a pecuniary reward from his opulent and base employer."

To the first charge I reply:

Whether the Letter in question be or be not a "forgery," I leave to those Gentlemen through whose hands it circuitously came into mine, to settle. All I know of it is as follows:—After Mr. Hunt, in the progress of the contested Election for Westminster in June last, had most unhandsomely made public a confidential Letter of mine to him, respecting the men who had so unhappily suffered at Derby, and in his mode of printing which Letter, for imposing on the ignorant, as well as in the style of his own comments, he had in the opinion of others as well as myself, as unjustly as foolishly endeavoured to blacken my character, the Letter now stated by Mr. Cobbett to be a "forgery," was put into my hands in the Committee Room of Sir Francis Burdett, by Mr. PLACE, of Charing Cross.—Never having previously seen

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that Letter, nor having the least suspicion of it's not being authentic, as well as being somewhat irritated by what I thought very illiberal conduct towards me of Mr. Hunt, I read the Letter to the Electors.

To the 2d. The whole matter of accusation contained in the second proposition being completely replied to, in my answer to the charge exhibited in the first, I can have nothing on this occasion to add, except that I knew nothing whatsoever of the dealings and transactions between Mr. Cobbett and the Gentleman alluded to.—With respect to Mr. Cobbett's reasoning on the crime of knowingly co-operating with a person guilty of forgery, I have, of course, no more to do, than any other person whatever.

3d. Here, as it should seem, Mr. Cobbett does not display either his usual acuteness in proving a "fact," or the convincing logic in reasoning therefrom, to which we are accustomed in his writings. Perhaps while penning his charge against me, he was out of humour and in haste.—His "fact" respecting myself, I have shewn to have no foundation, and whatever cause he may have for admiring Mr. Hunt, since he became acquainted with him; yet, when we consider the unguarded manner in which he has now spoken of myself, with whom he has been for some time acquainted; and when at the same time we consider also the fact of a certain *connexion*, in the case of Mr. Hunt, which Mr. H. himself, in a Letter to Sir Francis Burdett, admits to have existed; we may not be able to discover either "Folly" or "Inconsistency" in the mere supposition, that prior to any acquaintance between Mr. Cobbett and Mr. Hunt, the former might have spoken of the latter in the terms of the Letter, at the production of which he is now so angry, and which he declares a "Forgery."

4th. Here again Mr. Cobbett, in his haste, takes for granted, and assumes as matter of fact, that which

had not the slightest foundation:—so far from being an agent for Sir Francis Burdett, it was well known that my exertions were originally as a friend of Major Cartwright, who had not the support of Sir Francis Burdett's Committee, who espoused the interest of Mr. Kinnaid. After the names of Mr. Kinnaid and of the Major were at the end of three days withdrawn, and some apprehension was entertained, that unless the Friends of Reform should unite the ministerial Candidate might prove successful, myself and others, who had exerted ourselves for the Major, judged it for the interest of the Cause of Freedom, that we should join in the support of Sir Francis Burdett. Mr. Cobbett's friend Mr. Hunt it is true still remained a Candidate; but Mr. Cobbett will scarcely be offended or surprised, that when I ceased to support my own friend the Major, because of seeing no hope of his Election, I did not join the standard of Mr. Hunt, whose cause was equally desperate, and the support of whom in that situation afforded no prospect of doing good. Besides, Mr. Cobbett, I am sure, is too liberal to expect that every other person should view Mr. Hunt with the eyes of his friendly partiality.

5th. and 6th. I am not aware that although I have lamented, and may again have cause to lament errors in the conduct of Mr. Cobbett, I was guilty of any impropriety in considering him as a "stay and prop of our cause;" nor am I aware, that in the humble aid given by me, towards the Election of Sir Francis Burdett, my conduct was inconsistent with a sincere attachment to the Cause of Public Freedom.

7th. As there is neither ground of blame or need of defence, so I have only to remark, that in the "Union," my services were wholly voluntary and gratuitous; and of which "Union," Mr. Cobbett and Mr. Hunt were members.

8th. The error here observable

should seem to be scarcely worthy of notice; but, as correctness is always of value, it may be proper to observe, that I was not deputed by Sir Francis Burdett personally, but by the Committee, of which he was Chairman for the year: but in which Committee, others had a full share of activity. It is likewise right to remark, that the object of my mission was generally to collect information touching the sentiments of the people on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, to diffuse a knowledge of the true principles of Representation, and to promote Petitions.

9th. & 10th. By the petition which I signed exposing the monstrous wickedness of the Borough faction, I trust it will be believed, that I had other and higher motives on that occasion than mere fears for my "personal safety." Had, indeed, those "fears" predominated, I should probably have wished for the aid of a less energetic and caustic pen than that of Mr. Cobbett, or contented myself with the use of my own; which would have been the case, had Mr. Cobbett a second time refused his assistance, as he did when I first explained to him the importance of the case. I also confidently trust, that in no part of my subsequent conduct, has Mr. Cobbett himself, or any man, had just cause for any other opinion of me, than what Mr. Cobbett here expresses to have entertained at that time.

11th. Here finding a repetition of the original accusation, viz. of "forging Mr. Cobbett's hand writing," this is to be considered as having the first place in this Proposition. The allegation of a forgery, intended for upholding Sir Francis Burdett, by blackening the character of Mr. Cobbett's friend, Hunt, that must hold the second place; and the doing of all this in expectation of a pecuniary reward, the third and last place. But the im-

possibility of a forgery on my part having appeared, the assumed conclusion being without premises, vanishes of course, or rather never existed. And then, as neither premises nor conclusion had existence, it must follow, that the motive assigned for doing that which was not done, is a mere creature of the fancy that could not have had a being.

Had Mr. Cobbett been on the spot to have observed the course of facts, instead of being three thousand miles off, liable to misinformation, he would have known that the production of the Letter by me was, as already stated, in consequence of the unpardonable manner in which Mr. Hunt, to the great disgust of observers, had first introduced a confidential letter of mine to him; and which, with much malignity, he perversely construed, contrary to its true import, in order to blacken, if possible, my character.

That character of mine, from that conduct of Mr. Hunt, received no stain; but, Sir, if Mr. Hunt's own character should not from his own hand on a recent occasion have been stained with infamy, the English Public would have lost that discernment as well as that sensibility to moral feeling, honour, and generosity, for which it is so highly distinguished. I here allude to language applied to me by name, in a Letter to Sir Francis Burdett, language for which Mr. Hunt has yet to answer.

I have now only to observe, that the original Letter read by me to the Electors, having the Post-mark of April 11th, 1808; and of Bishop's Waltham, the next post towns to Mr. Cobbett's late residence at Botley, is in the hands of Mr. Brooks, 110, Strand, for the inspection of any person who may be desirous of seeing it.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
THOMAS CLEARY.

London, Dec. 10, 1818.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

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